

# Christian Secretary.

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"WHAT THOU SEEST, WRITE—AND SEND UNTO THE CHURCHES."

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## Christian Secretary.

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# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

## Christian Secretary.

HARTFORD, FRIDAY, NOV. 17, 1848.

### Settling Ministers.

In these days of reform and improvement we fear there is danger of a radical mistake fastening itself upon the churches in regard to settling ministers. The anxiety that seems to manifest itself on the part of the churches to secure the services of a distinguished speaker, or a popular man, as it is often expressed, will very naturally cause another and still more important point to be overlooked. Stern, unbending piety, and a faithful watch-care of the church, are more important qualifications in a minister than eloquence and showy talents.

The complaint of "too frequent removals" in the pastoral relation, appears to be dying away, and something like permanency seems to be attained in this respect; but it in calling a pastor, splendid talents and oratorical display are to constitute the chief qualifications, there will be but little gained by a permanent pastoral relation. We would not be understood as objecting either to talent, eloquence or education, necessary qualifications for a successful minister, but these do not comprise all that is requisite. Our more distinguished statesmen—such men as Webster, Clay and Calhoun, for instance—are capable, we presume, of writing a good sermon, and no one doubts but they could deliver it with all the grace of oratory that ever characterized one of their political speeches in the United States Senate; but who would ever think of calling such men to preach the gospel of Jesus Christ? A deep-toned piety and an earnest zeal for the good of souls, is wanting in order to make them successful ministers of the gospel of the grace of God.

Of all the professions and callings in the world, that of the christian ministry is, in itself, the most deserving of respect; but has not the very profusion which churches have given to eloquent preachers, had a tendency to lessen the importance and dignity of the office in the eyes of the world? It is too frequently the case, we fear, that men go to the house of God for the purpose of listening to oratorical display instead of plain gospel truth. How infinitely would John the Baptist, or the great Apostle to the Gentiles, have sunk themselves in the eyes of the world, had they instead of speaking "the words of truth and soberness," attempted a display of their oratorical powers. They might have succeeded in tickling the ears of their auditors, but the progress of Christianity would have been slow, if indeed, it had progressed at all, under such preachers. Earnest, devoted, self-sacrificing men, and no others, are wanted in our pulpits, and when the churches demand such a minister as this, and by their prayers and support are ready to countenance it, the men will be found to meet the demand.

Eloquence and popular talents alone can never build up an evangelical church; something else is wanting, and this is unshaking devotion to the cause of Christ. We often heard it remarked that such and such a man is adapted to the wants of this or that church, and if settled over it, would be sure to succeed; but we believe, in nine instances out of ten, it would be found that they were not exactly adapted to the wants of the people after all. The man who possesses the qualifications of the village parson, described by Goldsmith in his "Deserted Village," who

"Lured to brighter worlds, his virtue bore,  
And led the way,"

will be most likely to succeed anywhere. But we have already said more than we intended on this subject, it being our object in the commencement simply to introduce the following very timely and sensible remarks of J. Angel James, in his work entitled "An Earnest Ministry the Want of the Times":

"In an age like the present, when so much is said about knowledge, and such high value is attached to it, there is a danger of our being seduced from every other qualification, and taken up with this. The establishment of the London University, and the incorporation of our Colleges with it, have given access for our students to the front of academic degrees and honors; and there is some danger, in the new condition of our literary institutions, lest our young men should have their minds in some measure drawn away from much more important matters, by the hope of having their names graced by a Bachelor's or a Master's degree. It is a foolish clamor that has been raised against all attention to such matters, and a vain and barbous precaution, that would fortify the ministerial devotees of our students by restraining them altogether from such scholastic distinctions. The studies necessary to enable them to attain the object of their ambition, are a part of their professional education; while the vanity likely to be engendered by success, will soon be annihilated by the commonness of the acquisition. Pride and vanity are founded on conscious distinction, and when these academic University degrees are so common that almost all ministers possess them, they will no longer be a snare to the humility of their possessors. Besides, like every other object of human desire, when once they are possessed, much of the charm that dazes the eye of hope has vanished. HENRY MARTIN, when he came from the Senate-house at Cambridge, where he had been declared Senior Wrangler for his year, and had thus won the richest prize the University had to confer, was struck with the vanity of human wishes, and expressed his surprise at the comparative worthlessness of the bauble he had gained, and the shadow he had grasped. No, it is not by closing the door against such distinctions that we can hope to raise the tone of devotedness in our ministry, but by fostering in the minds of our young men at College, and equally in the minds of our congregations, and ministers in general, the conviction that earnestness is just that one thing, to which all other things must be, and can be, made subservient, and without which all other things are as nothing, whatever else education can impart."

"Our congregations need perhaps a little instruction on this subject. I am afraid the taste is not quite so pure, correct, and elevated on this matter as it should be. There is, it is true, a demand, and it is well there is, for a vivacious and animated manner of preaching; and provided there be what is intellectual, there is a decided preference for what is evangelical in association with it; but there is reason to fear that in some cases a small modicum of evangelical truth would do, provided there was an abundance of talent. Earnestness is demanded, but with some, it is rather the earnestness of the head than the heart; the labor and eloquent effusion of the scholar, the philosopher, or

the poet, rather than the gush of hallowed feeling of him who watcheth for souls, as one that must give account. Dullness, however learned or profound, will not do, but the heartless declaimers of the pulpit orator will do for some, though it have little tendency to do anything more than please the intellect or captivate the imagination. There is an idioty of talent in this day which runs thro' society; and this man-worship has crept also into the church, and corrupted its members. It is painful to perceive how far this is carried in many circles, and to see what homage is paid, what incense is burnt to some popular favorites. It is not religion or holiness that is thus elevated, but genius and knowledge; it is not moral beauty, but intellectual strength, that is lauded to the skies; the loftiest models of human goodness receive but few devotees and scanty offerings at their shrine, compared with the gods of the understanding. There can be no surer mark of a moral apostacy, a lapse from man's primeval innocence when he came perfect from the hands of his Maker, bearing the mortal image of his Creator, than this disposition to exalt genius above piety. What an inversion is this of the right order of things, since it must be allowed that man's intellectual nature is inferior and subordinate to his moral being. It is by this latter that he is removed to the greatest distance from the brute creation, is placed in most direct opposition to fallen spirits, makes his nearest approach to the angels of God, and bears the most correct resemblance to the Holy and Eternal One. The God of the Bible is not merely a Divine intellect, though it be true that his understanding is infinite; nor is Omnipotence his only attribute, tho' this is one of his glorious perfections—but God is Love; and when the seraphim sing for the subject of their anthem, that view of his nature which calls forth their loftiest praise, they contemplate him as the Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty. There would have felt that they were not left alone while one whole church with a devoted pastor were praying and toiling for them. But as he is gone and can no longer respond to the heart-breathings of home friends, may not I be allowed to address a few lines to the sisters and ladies of your parish.

DEAR SISTERS.—Monica have rolled round, and change has marked my path since that night of agony and separation when my loved husband, and your devoted missionary was called up from his bed in heaven to the realms of beauty and of bliss. Still

"There is—there is  
A voice, whose music I have loved full well—  
Eye of deep truthfulness—that are far,  
Never, Oh! never more on earth to dwell!"

And yet—  
For his sake—for the dead—whose image nought  
May dim within the temple of my breast—  
For his love's sake—

I ask not to forget."

The human heart loves sympathy—and the interesting letter from your church was indeed a balm to me, for it told there were hearts that beat with ours, and tears that flowed with ours over these perishing Sho' Kares.

Your church say in their communication, "We want to trace your route upon the map as you go into the jungle," &c. Perhaps some account of the jungle trip made by Mr. Mason and myself last season may not be wholly uninteresting to you. If you find a map of Maulmain region, on which you may trace our wanderings.

We left Maulmain with our two children on the first of February, and reached Dong Yahn, landing next morning. The Kares having been apprised of our coming, soon appeared with a large elephant to aid us in reaching the village. Taking our children and baggage to the large sled, we were drawn nicely over this vast plain, which, one year ago I walked over at midnight with my dear husband whose wearisome hours are now closed forever. As usual the christians met us with a hearty welcome, though with eyes full of tears. Indeed, for some time we could but mingle our tears together. I had not before met the church since Mr. Bullard and myself parted from them the year before, and the remembrance of their former teacher whom they tenderly loved, was quite overpowering to them. Mr. Mason found the church still endeavoring to serve God by walking in his commandment, but a gloom had been thrown around them through which they had not been able to pierce, yet they seemed to be looking upward trusting that light would again dawn on their loved people. We spent three weeks in the place, talking to all we met, and trying to encourage and strengthen in the hearts of the disciples. The heathen, however, did not come around the chapel as in former times, and it was some time before we learned the reason. At length the cause was discovered. It appeared that soon after their teacher's death the cholera broke out in Dong Yahn, and a man near the chapel was attacked; his wife and children seeing him dangerously ill, all fled and left him to die alone, with no one to once give a cup of water to quench his burning thirst. The poor man's groans aroused the christians, and our old faithful assistant Mong-Chung Paw, went and administered to him till death relieved his sufferings. He then sought the family and begged them to come and bury their father, but no; they feared to come, and dared not go near. The christians became alarmed and held a council to know what should be done—supposing that whoever should touch the dead body would probably take the disease. Finally, the church all assembled for prayer, while the chief, with a son-in-law conveyed the body to the jungle and buried it.

Seeing the christians so courageous the heathen began to fly to them for succor, and their houses were being quite crowded with those who dared not remain at home. The disciples told us they were very happy, and spent nearly all their time in teaching their neighbors the christian religion, when suddenly all fled as much farther from them as they had before come nearer.

"Colossians 2: 12. "Can any man forbid water that these should not be purified, which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we? and he commanded them to be purified in the name of the Lord Jesus?"—*Acts 10: 47.*

These are some of the passages that occur most readily to my mind, and what perfect nonsense does it make to apply Dr. Beecher's interpretation to them.

CONGREGATIONALISM IN NEW YORK.—The Journal of Commerce states that some of the leading Congregationalists in New York and Brooklyn are establishing a Congregational paper in New York, the first number of which will probably be issued before next year. The Observer and Evangelist, it will be recollect, represent the interests of the *Old and New School Presbyterians*.

New England Congregationalism appears to be on the increase in New York, or making headway against Presbyterianism. A number of Congregational churches have been established in New York and Brooklyn within a few years past, and we perceive by the same paper from which the above item is taken, that several gentlemen of property in New York have united in a plan for building a Congregational church on Second Avenue.

Our congregations need perhaps a little instruction on this subject. I am afraid the taste is not quite so pure, correct, and elevated on this matter as it should be. There is, it is true, a demand, and it is well there is, for a vivacious and animated manner of preaching; and provided there be what is intellectual, there is a decided preference for what is evangelical in association with it; but there is reason to fear that in some cases a small modicum of evangelical truth would do, provided there was an abundance of talent. Earnestness is demanded, but with some, it is rather the earnestness of the head than the heart; the labor and eloquent effusion of the scholar, the philosopher, or

### Letters from Mrs. Mason.

In introducing to our readers the following interesting letters from Mrs. Mason, (formerly Mrs. Bullard) it may be necessary to remark for the information of some, that three or four years since, the South Baptist Church in this city adopted Mr. Bullard as its missionary, and raised the necessary sum for his support up to the time of his death.

The pastor of the South Baptist Church, (Rev. J. R. Stone) addressed a letter to Mr. Bullard, in July 1847, the news of his death not having reached this country at that time; the answer to which, from Mrs. Mason, will be found below.

MAULMAIN, July 16, 1848.  
REV. J. R. STONE.—*My dear brother.*—Some two or three years since Mr. Bullard received a communication from Rev. S. Peck, in which he said, "You are probably aware that the South Baptist church, in Hartford, have chosen you for their missionary, and have raised \$400 for your support," but hearing nothing further he supposed there was some mistake about the matter. Your kind letter of July 4, having come by ship did not reach us until April, and the apology I can make for my delay in answering it, is, the multiplicity of cares and duties devolving upon me here. Had my dear husband lived he would have entered into the plans of your church with the liveliest pleasure. I have often regretted the delay of your letter, for it would, I am sure, have cheered his spirit, when articulating with his dying breath. "These Sho' Kares," He would have felt that they were not left alone while one whole church with a devoted pastor were praying and toiling for them. But as he is gone and can no longer respond to the heart-breathings of home friends, may not I be allowed to address a few lines to the sisters and ladies of your parish.

There were several candidates for baptism, but Mrs. Mason's health would not allow of his administering the ordinance.

I will not detain you by rehearsing the unpleasingness of our situation in returning home, when on arriving at the river we found no boat, as had been anticipated, and were compelled to spend the whole day in the burning sun on that arid plain, nor, how, when darkness enveloped us, we crawled into a little tent made of our own bedding, and after getting husband and daughter comfortably quartered in a buffalo cart, we sat down upon the ground to watch beside our sick babe until morning.

All this, you will say, you of course expected. Yes, dear sisters, we did expect it; but it is a slight thing to us, because of our joy in the privilege of laboring for these precious souls that must live forever in bliss or woe!

"Must think forever—must feel!"

IMMORTAL SOUL!

"Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be; What then, are, time, life, death, the world, to thee?"

—I may not answer; ask eternity."

With sincerest affection, dear sisters,

ELLEN H. B. MASON.

MAULMAIN, July 18, 1848.

ESTEMMED LADIES AND SISTERS.—If you are not weary of my communicating, I will go on a little farther with our jungle rambles.

On reaching Maulmain we stopped three days for the restoration of our little boy, and then started on a trip up the Gyné. We moored off Damath on Saturday, and spent the Sabbath. Mr. Mason preached to the villagers through the Burman tongue, which he speaks as well as Karen, and found some attentive listeners; but generally they appeared averse to our religion. I tried to converse with the females and children, through an assistant who spoke Talaing, this being a Talaing village. They were very respectful and ran and brought a mat for me to sit upon, and indeed were so attentive that I was quite annoyed with their officiousness, for if I attempted to speak to them of their souls' salvation, some of the older women would be sure to think of something—some attention that would call off the eyes and ears of the crowd. A few, however, seemed interested.

During the trip we visited Keyong church, which Mr. Bullard organized two years ago. The state of things there was encouraging; they are a weak but praying band. We also visited Craig, a few hours sail from the former place, and intended to have gone on to Crung-pung, at the head of a stream of that name; but Mr. Mason's health failing, and our little girl who was taken ill at Damath, continuing sick, we were induced to turn homeward, though with heavy hearts. We did most earnestly desire to go on and visit some of the many heathen villages which abound in this region, but circumstances would not permit. Mr. Mason, however, sent up for the assistant at Crung-pung, who came down with five of the disciples to meet us. From his report we learned that light was spreading in all that region, and many were beginning to think earnestly of the christian religion. Some more distant than formerly and listen without retreating. Of the assistant's wife, who has been a violent opposer, the disciples say, "Behold she prayeth" and a daughter-in-law, who two years since told me she was determined to offer to the nats until she died, has now to a considerable extent abandoned the practice and assemblies with the christians. The people say to the assistants, "We are considering the two ways—*pray to Father God for us, and bye and bye we shall all become christians.*" One man, a chief from that region, was almost persuaded to become a christian, but delayed a few weeks since was devoured by an enormous crocodile, a few miles up the river.

You will notice on the map the Hunderaw river which flows down from the Karen mountains back to Maulmain. This river is navigable with boats ten days' sail, and said to be thickly peopled on either side with the Kares. Mr. Mason and myself were exceedingly anxious to make this tour, and would have done so had his strength permitted, and our children been well. The disease of which my little girl was ill on this trip proved to be the varioloid, and my little boy had it immediately after our return.

His pastor says in his communication, "The brethren and sisters seem pleased, yes devoutly thankful, for the privilege of pleading with the Great Head of the Church for our missionary and his family, and the native assistant." Your missionary no longer needs your prayers or aid—his work on earth is done, and the Shoo department of the Maulmain province is given into the hands of Mr. Moore, who with his dear companion, appear as sister Reynolds of Boston remarked, "whole-souled missionaries." Now dear sisters, allow me to ask if you will not give them your kind and hearty cooperation, the same as you would have done your missionary? Stay up their hearts as you would have done ours; encourage their hearts as you would have done ours, and the smiles of the blessed Saviour we doubt not will beam on you and yours.

As the people came to us so hesitatingly, and as Mr. Mason's health would allow of his visiting their houses but little, we often had resort to a little boat on the plain, which had been erected of poles and bushes for the purpose of sketching a view of Dong Yahn. Here the people came in considerable numbers to whom Mr. Mason usually preached until eleven o'clock, when the intense heat obliged him to return to the chapel. Generally our visitors

were hardened Boodhists, but some listened with interest, and many said they prayed to God. Indeed, in this region the Kares generally pray to God in connection with their "Lord pagoda," and "Lord priest."

While in Dong Yahn, Mr. Mason interested the people in the formation of a missionary society.—We headed the subscription with seven rupees per month, and the chief and family followed, when nearly every member of the church, old and young, came forward voluntarily and set down their monthly subscriptions. The whole amounted to fourteen rupees per month, (the church numbers but sixty, or thereabouts) and nothing but the want of a suitable man prevented the church from engaging in the mission cause with all their hearts. How truly the Boodhist religion and not ours!

"Onward haste the conquering flight,  
Angel, onward haste;  
Quickly o'er each mountain's height  
Be thy standard placed.  
Let thy blissful tidings float  
Far o'er vale and hill,  
Till the sweetly-echoing note  
Every bosom thrill."

Very truly and affectionately yours,

ELLEN H. B. MASON.

Baptist Mariner's Church, New York.

The New York Recorder states that the lecture room of this church was opened with appropriate religious services, the first Sabbath of the present month. The pastor, Rev. L. R. Steward, preached in the morning; Rev. Joseph Stockbridge, U. S. navy, in the afternoon, and Rev. J. L. Hodge, of Brooklyn, in the evening.

"The house is a substantial brick building, 60 feet by 76, surmounted by a handsome tower, from the center of which rises a flag-staff sufficiently high to show the Bethel Flag to all the shipping on the east side of the city. The basement of the chapel is finished, and, though divided in the middle, is so constructed that it can be used at once, and will seat between five and six hundred. Sunday was an occasion of great joy to the little Bethel Church, and many others who feel an interest in the sailors' cause. God has wonderfully blessed this church, and has permitted them to receive into their membership the representatives of fifteen different nations. It is because their mission is to the nations of the earth, and not to a particular section of the city of New York, that they appeal to Baptists of this city and elsewhere to aid them in finishing the chapel. They propose to continue their opening exercises on the remaining Sundays of the month, at 10:12 A. M., and 3 and 7 P. M., at which hour some of our city pastors will preach, and collections will be taken up. If our readers in the city and vicinity wish to be interested in an enterprise that makes itself felt in every quarter of the globe, and is so favorably known abroad, that two applications have been made to the church for sailors-missionaries to go to Asia, let them attend one or more of these meetings during the month, taking along with them something by which they can make a substantial testimony of their regard."

Bridgeport Correspondence.

Bridgeport, Nov. 6, 1848.

MESSRS. EDITORS.—The world is continually seeking after new sources of profit or pleasure; editors and their readers new subjects to increase their interest in their paper; and some ministers new themes for their pulpit ministrations; and the cry is something original! Your correspondent "Ectho" a while ago gave some wholesome thoughts on this latter subject. Originality is a peculiar and rare gem, which every one should unfold or exhibit, who really possesses it, and indeed every man in every department should at least have the originality of stamping his own impress on whatsoever he exhibits, without announcing—"It is borrowed." But after all, in reference to much that passes for originality, the language of one of the oldest, best and homeliest of English poets, whose name was Chaucer, would be an excellent and truthful expression:

"Out of the old fields, as men saith,  
Cometh all this new corn from yere to yere;  
And out of old books, in good faith,  
Cometh all this new lewe science that men lere."

You will perceive that I am about to introduce no new subject, but one as old as Abel, and yet new every day;—the subject is DEATH. With your permission I would record two deaths which occurred in this city last week.

On Wednesday, 1st instant, Mr. —— died of delirium tremens, or perhaps disease of the stomach, and the intestines sympathetically affected by the stomach, and this caused by the nature and quantity of what he ate and drank; perhaps some would call it "dyspepsia," others, "the visitation of God." However this might be, it is evident that the circumstances of his decease did not very distinctly indicate a

## Reform going to Seed.

this title, the *New England Puritan* gives out the melancholy effects of the doc-  
trine by a certain set of self-styled re-  
formers who sprung into existence a few years  
ago in some parts of New England. They were  
known by the homely name of "come-out-  
ers" being too pure in their own eyes to re-  
spect the corrupt churches of which they were  
members.

It would seem that these fanatics are  
making rapid progress in wickedness, and that soon  
we are not ready, they will arrive at the  
dreadful gates of the Fanny Wright school. The  
says:—"There is a paper published in  
which has for many years been the organ of  
right reformers—filled with attacks upon  
the Sabbath, and other Christian in-  
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as was his intention. Having received a unani-  
mous call to the pastorate of the North Baptist  
church, New York, (late Rev. Mr. Brown's) he  
has accepted it, and entered upon his labors. Cor-  
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Rev. Professor Robinson, late of Covington, has  
declined the call from Rochester, N. Y., and as we  
learn from the Baptist Banner, accepted a call to  
the Walnut street Baptist church, Cincinnati.

Rev. Wm. Crowell, late editor of the Christian  
Watchman, has accepted the call of the Wart-  
erville, Me., Baptist church to become their pastor.

### Presidential Election.

Reports received since our last, settle the ques-  
tion of Gen. Taylor's election to the Presidency.  
As the result now stands, it is probable that Gen.  
Taylor will receive 163 electoral votes, and Mr.  
Cass, 127. Some of the most distant States re-  
main to be heard from, and may vary this result.

A Universalist minister belonging to Charles,  
Vt., was killed last week by being run over by the  
Railroad train between Lebanon and Enfield. He  
was discovered on the track, and the engineer  
sounded the alarm in season for him to escape, but  
he took no notice of it, and perished for his heed-  
lessness and presumption. He is said to have been  
deranged at times.

LEGACY.—The Christian Sentinel states that Mr.  
E. Watson, late of Portage, N. Y., willed his entire  
estate, to the Universalist Societies of Genesee Falls and  
Falls, to the Universalist Societies of Genesee Falls and  
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TO CLERKS OF ASSOCIATIONS.—The subscriber  
will be thankful to the clerks of the several Bap-  
tist Associations in this State, if they will forward  
to him by mail, a copy of their respective Associa-  
tion Minutes for 1848.

**PASTORAL CALL.**—We learn from the *Western*  
*Christian Journal*, that the Market street Baptist  
church, Zanesville, Ohio, have invited to their pa-  
storate, Rev. L. G. LEONARD, the present pastor of  
the 2d Baptist church in New London. The Jour-  
nal adds: "Dr. Leonard is expected to be in Zanes-  
ville in a few weeks to spend the Winter, with a  
view to a permanent settlement."

The Rev. D. B. Cheney, late of Greenville, Ct.,  
is already settled in Columbus, and now it seems  
we are about to lose another efficient minister.—  
Such men as Cheney and Leonard will, no doubt,  
prove a valuable acquisition to the denomination in  
Ohio, but Connecticut can but ill afford to spare  
them.

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tially recovered his health, and being advised med-  
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E. CUSHMAN, Sec. of Convention.  
Deep River, Nov. 15.

## News of the Week.

**ANTI-SLAVERY AT THE SOUTH.**—We understand  
that a new weekly paper of the anti-slavery side  
is in contemplation at the city of Washington. The  
plan is to have a short sheet and put it at the low  
end of \$1 a year. At the same time, it is believed,  
the enterprise will be under auspices to insure  
its permanence and complete success. It must be  
the intention of the parties interested, we judge, to  
give the new mouth-piece a somewhat more searching  
and distinctive character on questions of reform  
generally than is maintained by the *National Era*,  
which at present represents the Abolition interest  
of the country at the seat of Government. We  
wish the South much joy at the advance of the  
Northern Lights toward their meridian.— *Tribune*.

**RELIGIOUS MANUFACTURING ASSOCIATION.**—The  
tendency of large manufacturing establishments to  
irreligion, has led to the starting of one in West  
Springfield, Mass., on a new plan. The directors  
and agents are to be religious men, and no person  
will be employed who uses profane language, vi-  
brates the Sabbath, or practices intemperance, or  
is known to be immoral. The boarding  
houses will be kept by pious persons, and a church  
opened when the factory commences, for the use of  
those employed. It is intended as an establish-  
ment where Christian parents may safely place  
their sons and daughters.

**DESTRUCTION OF THE "EMPEROR MILLS."**—This  
extensive establishment, located in Farnham street,  
Brooklyn, was totally destroyed by fire about five  
o'clock Saturday morning. It was the property of  
W. W. Todd, of this city, and, together with a power-  
ful steam engine, was valued at about \$12,000 in the  
Howard Inn Co. The building, which was compa-  
ratively new, was erected for manufacturing pur-  
poses, and let out to W. F. Greene, who sub-  
sequently arrested and held to bail to answer  
the charge. Most of the money has been recovered.

**HARTFORD AND PROVIDENCE RAILROAD.**—Con-  
tractors are now at work on sections 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,  
9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, being  
eighteen of the twenty-five sections into which the  
whole line is divided.

The strongest force, (nearly 800 men,) is on the  
west end of this village, on the track of the Utica  
and Syracuse Railroad Company, his head nearly  
severed from his body and on the outside of the track,  
his body inside the track. He was probably struck  
on Saturday night by the cars, as he was going to  
his family in Utica, near Blackman's Corners.  
He was in the village in time to witness the accident,  
and, with a number of his friends, was found  
under the snow that fell on Sunday, some 80 rods  
from the body. He was an Englishman, about 30  
years of age, and has left a wife and six children,  
and in poor circumstances. He was literally smashed  
to pieces, from head to foot, several trains of cars  
having passed over him before he was discovered.  
He is represented to have been a very sober,  
honest, industrious man, and a member of the M. E.  
Church.—*Rome Sentinel*.

**CHICAGO ENTERPRISE.**—The people of Chicago  
talk some about improvements, and act efficiently.  
For instance last spring they resolved to build a  
plank road across the flat, wet prairie, to Doty's  
ter miles. The road has been built of plank 5 feet  
in length and 3 inches in thickness, and the receipts  
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# CHRISTIAN SECRETARY.

## Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.

### Why Weepest Thou?

I was o'er. The meek and lowly Son of God, Who came to earth in love for sinful man, Had spent his life of pain and toil below; Was scorned, and hated, 't was by those for whom He came, by them condemned a cruel death To die; had suffered on that dreadful tree, And now within the gloomy tomb was laid. But though the mass had cast contempt upon That gentle One, a chosen few there were Who loved Him. These were now with grief-stricken,

As they saw their Saviour, him whom they had Called their Lord and Master, he beneath The mighty chain of chily Death. Their cup Was filled with sadness. Night, dark night of grief— Had closed around its black, mysterious pall— But soon shall break the rosy morn of joy. Two gloomy nights have slowly rolled away, The third day now has come.

It is early.

Anxious, and full of care, there hasten one Unto the sepulchre, whose grateful heart Is rent with anguish. 'E'er so that sweet voice, By whose command she had been freed, was hush'd; The eye that beamed in tenderness on her, Had closed in death. Yet to that clay-cold form She clings, and would the last sad tribute pay. She now hath reached that sacred spot; but ah! Her heart is filled with keener anguish, as She sees that massive stone is rolled away. Still deeper is her sorrow, when she bends To gaze within that darkened tomb, and finds Not there the body of her Lord. O then It was that Mary's bitter cup was full.

'Twas there, while poured in floods her tears, she heard

That voice so sweet, whose accents erst had made Her heart to bound with joy, though then unknown:

Woman, why weepest thou?

And turning, she besought the gardener, as she thought, to tell, If he had borne His hence, where he had laid That precious form. He that is ever filled With deep compassion for the sorrowing one, Now graciously makes known himself to her. How quick the change. With rapture now she hails

Her Master. Bowing low, she worships there Her risen Lord.

Grief-stricken one! That ear is open now, And bears thy cry. That heart is ever filled With love, and care, for every child of grief. Go seek, as Mary did, thy Master. Thou wilt hear that same sweet voice breathe in thy ear, Why weepest thou? Bow down, and pour out all Thine anguish there, and thou wilt find, e'en then, Thy burden lighter grown, and strength be given To bear with all thy sorrows here, and feel Within thy breast the happy, joyful hope U'ppringing, that when thy grief-laden span Is past, thou'st safely gain that blessed shore, And bathe in seas of joy forever more.

West Springfield, Oct., 1848.

M.

### Lines at my Sister's Grave.

BY MAJ. G. W. PATTEN, U. S. ARMY.  
Beside the dewy grave I pass,  
(A fresh and flowery mound);  
Sunlight is glancing on the grass,  
And the red breast chirps around;  
While from afar the city's hum  
Steals gently on the ear;  
And yet for me is nature dumb!

Tav voice I cannot hear.

Thou told'st me, from a distant land,  
I ne'er should be forgot;  
I come—e'en in thy side I stand—  
And yet thou heeds't me not.  
Where are those accents which were heard,  
So soft on music's breath?

Sister!—I hear no answering word.  
Is this?—Yes! this is death!

Beside my Father's aged form

They're laid thee, breast to breast;  
Too bitter was the world's bleak storm,  
But both are now at rest.

In life united—Oh! with such  
Affection undivided!

In death 'tis well their coffins touch—  
The Father and the Child.

Thou, Sister, had'st but little strength  
To tread life's thorny track;

So calmly doth thou sleep at length,  
'Twix sin to wish thee back;

The music of thy gentle tone  
To thy bosom dear,

And tho' my heart is sad and lone,  
I would not have thee here.

For me is still life's stirring tide—  
The battle and the storm—

The wave where warning naves ride—  
The field where squadrons' form!

But thou, with no long watch to keep—  
No dream at morn to tell—

Freed one!—Thine is an envied sleep!

Sweet Sister!—Fare thee well!

## Religious & Moral.

### The Death of Saladin.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

In the middle of the eleventh century there arose a Mohammedan prince in Egypt by the name of Saladin. Ascending the throne of the ancient Pharaohs, and guiding the Moslem armies, he rolled back the tide of European invasion with which the crusades were inundating the Holy Land. His legislative genius constituted him the glory of his own country, while his military exploits inspired Christendom with the terror of his name. The wealth of the Orient was in his lap, the fate of millions hung over his lips, and one-half of the world was at his disposal.

At last death, the common conqueror of us all, came to smite the crown from the brow, and to dash the sceptre from the hand of this mighty monarch. As he lay upon his dying bed, looking back upon the visions of earthly glory fast fritting away, and looking forward into the impenetrable obscurity of the future, his soul was overwhelmed with those emotions which must, under such circumstances, agitate the bosom of every thinking being. For a long time his unbroken silence indicated the deep absorption of his thoughts by the new subjects which now engrossed his spirit. At last, rousing himself from his reverie, with

that firm voice which ever was accustomed to be obeyed, he said,

"Prepare and bring to me my winding-sheet."

It was immediately done as commanded, and the winding sheet was unfolded before him. The dying sultan gazed upon it long and silently, and then added,

"Bring here the banner around which my chosen guards have rallied in so many victories."

The banner was immediately presented at the royal couch, and all in silence awaited the further directions of the monarch. He paused for a moment, and then said,

"Remove those sullen folds, and attach to the staff, in their stead, this winding-sheet."

It was done with the promptitude with which the directions of the sultan were obeyed. The dimmed eye of the dying monarch gazed upon the mournful emblem of mortality, as it hung from the staff around which he had so often rallied his legions on fields of blood, and re-added,

"Let the crier, accompanied by the musicians in a funeral dirge, pass through all the streets of Damascus, and at every corner wave this banner, and proclaim, 'This is all that remains of the mighty Saladin!'"

There was then seen such a procession as the imperial city had never witnessed before. Gathered in front of the portals of the palace were the musicians, the crier, with the strange banner, and the military escort, doing homage to this memorial of death. Silence pervaded the thronged city as the wailings of the dirge floated mournfully through its long streets. The crowds, in silent awe, gathered at the corners.—Suddenly the dirge dies away, and all is still. The hearts of the multitude almost cease to beat at the cold white sheet, soon to enshroud their monarch's limbs, was waved before them. Not a sound disturbs the silent city, as the clear voice of the crier exclaims, "This is all that remains to the mighty Saladin!" Again the soul-moving strains of the requiem vibrate through the air, and the procession moves along its melancholy way. Not a sound of mirth was heard as that day's sun went down, and tears were extorted from many eyes all unused to weep. As the stars came out in the sky, the spirit of the monarch took its flight to the throne of judgment, and the winding-sheet enshrouded his limbs, still in death. Seven hundred years have since that hour rolled away, and what now remains to the great monarch of the East? Not even a handful of dust can tell us where was his sepulchre.

Are you young, are you rich, are you powerful? How soon will you point to your winding-sheet, and say, "This is all that now to me remains!" Are you bereaved, world-weary, broken-hearted? How soon may you be able to say, This winding-sheet is all that remains to me of every conflict and of every sorrow!—American Messenger.

Prayer Better Than Law-Suits.

When Sam'l Harris, of Virginia, began to preach, his soul was so absorbed in the work that he neglected to attend to the duties of this life. Finding upon a time, that it was absolutely necessary that he should pro-

vide more grain for his family than he had raised upon his own farm, he called upon a man who owed him a sum of money, and told him he would be glad to receive the money.

The man replied, "I have no money by me, and cannot oblige you."

Harris said, "I want the money to purchase wheat for my family; and as you have raised a good crop of wheat, I will take the article of you instead of money, at the current price."

The man answered, "I have other uses for my wheat, and cannot let you have it."

"How then," said Harris, "do you intend to pay me?"

"I never intend to pay you until you sue me," replied the debtor, "and therefore you may begin your suit as soon as you please."

Mr. Harris left him, meditating; said he to himself, "What must I do? Must I leave preaching and attend to a vexatious law-suit? Perhaps a thousand souls may perish in the mean time for want of Jesus!"

"No! I will not. Well will you do for yourself? Why this will I do; I will sue him at the court of Heaven." Having resolved what he would do, he turned aside into a wood, and on his knees laid the matter before the Lord. Mr. Harris felt an evidence of divine favor; he felt to use his own expressive language, that Jesus would be come balm for the man, and see that he was paid if he went on preaching. Mr. Harris arose from his prayer, resolved to hold the man no longer a debtor, since Jesus had assumed the payment. He therefore wrote a receipt in full of all accounts against the man, and dated it in the woods where he prayed, signed it with his own name. Going the next day by the man's house, on his way to meeting, he gave the receipt to a servant, directing him to give it to his master. On his return from meeting, the man hailed him, and demanded what he meant by the receipt he had sent him in the morning.

Mr. Harris replied, "I meant just as I wrote."

"But you know, sir," answered the debtor, "I have never paid you."

"True," said Mr. Harris, "and I know you said you that you never would unless I sued you. But, sir, I sued you at the court of Heaven, and Jesus has entered bail for you, and has agreed to pay me; I have therefore given you a discharge!"

"But I insist upon it," said the man, "matters must not be left so."

"I am well satisfied," answered Harris,

"Jesus will not fail me. I leave you to last, rousing himself from his reverie, with

Farewell." This operated so effectually on the man's conscience, that in a few days he discharged the debt.

A Remarkable Dream.

In the year 1795, the Rev. George Biddle, at that time chaplain to the Earl of — and my college associate, was in London; we spent much time together, and as he was a man of an earnest, serious turn of mind, our conversation was very much on religious subjects, he being anxious to disperse me from the free-thinking principles of French and German philosophy, to which I was at that time much addicted.

One day being at Woolwich, we took a stroll on Blackheath, when we accidentally came upon a young man, who, having been overturned in a gig, had slightly injured his arm. The little service which we were enabled to render him led to our spending the remainder of the day together, and as it was then hardly past noon, this consisted of several hours, which were sufficient to enable young men sociably inclined, to become tolerably familiar before parting.

Our new acquaintance informed us that he was Lieutenant Macintosh, in the service of the East India Company, and that the following day he was to embark for his destination. He was a young man of remarkably prepossessing appearance and lively manners. In the course of conversation, some words dropped from myself, with reference to an unfinished argument with my clerical friend, on our often contested religious subject. This led to the discovery that the young soldier was even more sceptically disposed than myself, and now, with such an ally, the argument was resumed and continued till we were about to part, when the Lieutenant, asserting his positive belief in no other life than the present, believed that, if after death his soul really existed—and he died before his new clerical acquaintance—he would pay him a visit and confess his error, and adding that he would not fail to enlighten me also.

We parted, and we saw the Lieutenant no more, at least in this life. One remark I must make in this place, which is of importance namely, that although the Lieutenant had told us his name, he had not mentioned his family, nor his native place, nor had we inquired about them, and after that time neither of us thought more of him, I believe, than is commonly thought of any passing, agreeable acquaintance, who has enabled us to spend an hour or two pleasantly.

One night, however, about three years afterwards, I dreamed that I was sitting in my library as usual, when the door opened, and a young man entered, whom I immediately recognized to be Lieutenant Macintosh, though he was then wearing a captain's uniform. He looked much sunburnt, as one might naturally expect a man to be after about three years' exposure to a tropical sun. His countenance, however, was grave, and there was a peculiar expression in it, that even in my dream excited an unusual degree of attention. I motioned to him to be seated, and without addressing him, waited for him to speak; he did so immediately, and his words were these—

"I promised, when we were at Woolwich together, to visit you if I died. I am dead, and have now kept my word. You can tell us all your friends who are sceptics, that the soul does not perish with the body."

When these words were ended, I awoke, and so distinctly were they, as it seemed, impressed upon my senses, that for the moment I could not believe that they had been spoken to me by the actual tongue of man. I convinced myself that the chamber was empty, and persuaded myself that this was but the effect of excited imagination, and again slept.

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